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Bolton Jan. 5, 1868.

Dear Mr. Mawson:

The Newcastle Daily Chronicle of the 19<sup>th</sup> ult. brings me the heart-rending intelligence of the dreadful catastrophe which took place on the Tiron moon two days before, by the explosion of several canisters of nitro-glycerine, involving the loss of several lives, among them your own almost idolized husband, & my long-tried, faithful & true friend, for whom my attachment has been of the strongest kind for many a year. If this blow has been stunning to me, what must it have been to you, & to the dear children of your household, now made dark & desolate through this awful bereavement! I am overwhelmed with sorrow, as though an own "brother beloved" had been fatally struck.



down by my side; and I have no words to express to you and your dear ones the intensity of my feelings.

I can only mingle my tears & groans with your own, bow submissively to the Divine will, & cling to the belief that, though it is sore with us, it is well with him whose sad and shocking fate we so deeply deplore.

For he needed no translators to fit him for the society of the "first made perfect;" no training to prepare him, in mind & spirit, for that "great change" through which all who are mortal must sooner or later pass. Living as he did to glorify God in his body & spirit, to aid the oppressed & succor the suffering, to banish all forms of crime & degradation from society, to advance the



cause of peace on earth & goodwill  
among men, & to set an example  
of moral heroism & Christian  
fidelity in the performance of duty,  
especially in the trying pathway  
of radical reform, he was quite  
prepared for any & every event, &  
calmly stood, at all times,

"Dressed for the flight, & ready to be gone".

Yet I find it hard, very hard,  
to convince myself that he is gone;  
that I shall never again be  
privileged in the flesh to feel the  
warming asp of his hand, to hear  
the music of his voice, to see his  
beauteous face all radiant with  
the smiles of love & affection, &  
to return his fervent embrace.

As was the attachment of  
David to Jonathan, so was mine  
to him. He stood among the very



light in my list of chosen friends,  
or co-workers in a common cause.

In spirit he was as fresh &  
sweet & pure as a newly blown  
rose. His magnetism was per-  
vasive & irresistible.

Truly, among the upright,  
"none knew him but to love him,"

"none named him but to praise."  
Let it be no consolation that death  
has no power over the immortal  
soul, & that, beautiful and  
attracted as was his earthly  
being, he has found a heavenly  
one of transcendent loveliness  
& glory, & would pass him as  
not too deeply to sorrow.

It seems, now, but as yesterday  
since I bade you both farewell  
at Manchester, prior to my  
embarkation for Boston. I had



repeatedly expressed to him the  
 wish & the hope that he & you  
 would, at no distant day, come  
 to the United States, & travel ex-  
 tensively with me, & enable me  
 in a measure to reciprocate  
 that generous & elegant hospitality,  
 & most cordial greeting & lavish  
 kindness, extended to me & my  
 two children (Harry & Frank)  
 while at your dear & pleasant residence  
 at Gatehead. But, for him,  
 it is now impossible to do so in  
 the earthly form. I shall not  
 entertain a doubt, however,  
 that he will be very near me in  
 spirit, & perhaps cognizant  
 of the place of my abode, and  
 capable of exerting a magnetic  
 influence upon my mind.  
 That he is really & intelligently



with you & the children as he  
was when in the flesh; I very  
fully believe.

Fanny is now in Paris, &  
will be profoundly affected when  
she hears the sad tidings.

Frederick has just returned  
from a visit to New York, &  
desires me to give you his  
warmest sympathies, & most  
tender regards to the children.

My wife & all my family  
unite in this expression of  
sympathy & affection.

We pray that you may  
all be sustained by Divine  
grace & mercy, & instead  
of dwelling upon the dreadful  
event itself, with its ac-  
cumulated horrors, think  
rather of the good life



that was lived on earth, & of  
the eternal state of blessedness  
to which the beloved one has  
been removed.

I will write more fully  
by another mail. Shall I  
hear from any of you?

Yours, in sorrow & in hope,  
W<sup>m</sup> Lloyd Garrison -

P.S. All the sympathies of  
my heart are also with  
those related to the other  
victims of that awful catastrophe.



that was lived in earth, & of  
the eternal state of the  
to which the beloved are now  
been removed

I will write more fully  
by another mail. I will  
hear from any of you &  
from my friends & in hope  
- always of course -

P.S. All the sympathies of  
my heart are also with  
those related to the other  
members of that awful catastrophe